

SHEP'S JINGLES



AND THIS IS SHEP.

BILL SHEPLEY

Bill Shepley you're a dandy,
Ill or well you are the dandy,
Long life and happy days
Linger ever in your ways.

Smilng, tho' your cross was heavy,
Horse and buggy ever ready,
Entertaining is your forte,
Poetry of every sort
Leaps from your genial heart,
Everywhere we like to meet you,
You are certainly a Goo Goo.

Newport, I.C. I

August 16, 1917.

Hoot Mon.

SHEP'S RHYMES

Advertising Jingles

By

WILLIAM SHEPLEY

TINSMITH

7 Oak Street - Newport, R. I.



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1917

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BY
WILLIAM SHEPLEY
NEWPORT, R. I.

SHEP'S RHYMES

THE HAPPIEST CREW ON EARTH

Captain Jim left Cherry Neck,
To get the working crew,
Billey Lennon he was there,
And Bobby Nolan too,
Jim left with Old Clam Bake,
To get the noble crew,
But when he reached the car,
He found there more than two.
One was Jimmy Robinson,
He was in the crowd,
And if you then had seen him,
Of him you would be proud.
Jim had his vacation,
And he went every place,
Everywhere that I went,
I saw his pleasant face.
I could have made this longer,
But I thought there was no need,
When it comes to making clambakes,
Captain Jim can show some speed.
And now before I finish this,
And look out for the fire,
I'll tell you Jimmy Robinson
Is surely some live wire.

—Shep.

NEWPORT BEACH

Newport Beach is the place for a swim,
 Manager McGowan, you'll always see him.
 He is the man above average weight,
 Who stands with a smile at the entrance gate.
 He sells the finest things to eat,
 At prices that cannot be beat.
 Philip Firnges is the watchman's name,
 A courteous man and very game.
 He'll meet you on the beach at night,
 And watch you 'till you're out of sight.
 He is always there to watch the place,
 And always wears a pleasant face.

—Shep.

EYESIGHT RESTORED

When I reached the age of sixty four,
 My eyes gave out, I could see no more.
 The doctor said, with his little lance
 He'd fix my eyes, so I took a chance.
 In minutes five—no overtime
 I saw clear for the second time.
 So Doctor you take this from me,
 I am so glad that I can see,
 That I am going to blow your horn,
 I'm as good an "ad" as September morn.
 She was the one who took men's eye,
 They gazed at her as they passed by,
 But you're the one who gives the light
 To unlucky folks who've lost their sight.
 By your skill and lance and worth,
 I'm a second time on earth. —Shep.

OLD GLORY

For months my eyes were going back
 And everything to me looked black,
 Till the doctor fixed me up and said,
 "You'd better rest your weary head."
 I was so hopeful for my sight,
 I never slept a wink that night.
 The object first to strike my eyes
 Was Old Glory floating to the skies,
 The Stars and Stripes, so red and white,
 To me had never looked so bright.
 I went right down to Landers' shop,
 And got a flag for my mast top,
 And there it waves for the true and free,
 The greatest sight a man can see.

—Shep.

SEND IT IN

When you have a bit of news,
 Send it in.
 Or a joke that will amuse,
 Send it in.
 A story that is true,
 An incident that is new.
 We want to hear from you,
 Send it in.
 Will your story make me laugh,
 Send it in.
 Never mind about your style,
 If the story is worth the while,
 And may help to cause a smile,
 Send it in.

—Shep.

THE LOST LOVE

I have been a good fellow, boys,
 I earned all I spent ;
 Paid all I borrowed
 And lost all I lent.
 I once loved a girl,
 Which came to an end
 Buy a dog, boys,
 He is always your friend.

—Shep.

THE WAR

I will try to write a poem of the war that is
 going on.
 I think it ought to be written in prayer and not
 be quoted in song.
 I can write a poem and hope to make my mark
 some day.
 We will never end this war by fighting until we
 all kneel down and pray.
 I hope to God that peace will come before you
 come on earth to reign,
 For this looks more serious to me than the sink-
 ing of the Maine.
 I did not delay this poem for the fear of death.
 Neither do I want to be placed in the class with
 Macbeth.
 But I'm sincere in what I say America's noble
 son,
 I wish to God, that the war would end and
 America had won.

—Shep.

OLD TOM

My old horse Tom, his color is black,
 He will take you out and bring you back,
 For two automobiles and one thrown in,
 Old Tom I never would sell him,
 It makes no difference,
 At home or shop,
 Old Tom never left Pop.

—Shep.

PAY UP**GREETINGS :**

I am writing now a few lines for Shep,
 To ask some folks to pay some of their debt.
 I assure you 'tis done with the best of good will,
 But I need the money to close up some bills.
 Some bad debtors have kept me broke,
 These last two lines are surely no joke.

—Shep.

COME ACROSS

To settle your bills I will ask you no more,
 The next time you will settle with my attorney
 at law,
 To make this statement I just mean one thing,
 That is, my own money back to me bring.
 Although my collecting has just begun,
 I have my debtors on the run,
 That one, why he knows best,
 Why is not he numbered with the rest?
 Please settle.

—Shep.

MY BUSINESS

Some people say that I'm no poet,
They needn't trouble for I know it,
I only put my add in rhyme
To keep folks thinking all the time,
Of Shepley's business, Iron and tin,
Which for many years I have been in.
I want to let all of you know
That the best of prices I can show
For work that no one can excel.
So trade with Shep he'll treat you well.

—Shep.

MY HOUSES

When I was young and in my prime,
I built a row of houses fine,
The best of stock I did put in,
And shingled them with Shepley's tin,
The shingles then were painted gay,
And you can see them to this day,
They're just as good as years ago,
Good workmanship and stock they show,
When you build you have to watch your step,
You're safe if your tinwork is done by

—Shep.

JIMMY TABER

On Broadway there is a restaurant,
 Which is run by Jimmy Taber,
 And all the coffee that he serves,
 Has just the proper flavor.
 And all the muffins and biscuit too,
 Are cooked upon his fire,
 And he serves them to the people,
 For not a penny higher,
 Although the prices have gone sky high,
 And almost meet the moon.
 You get a proper dinner
 If you land there at nigh noon.

—Shep.

TALLMAN AND MACK

Tallman and Mack they bought a trap
 And put it off the reef,
 And then they went to Tiverton,
 And got Billy Rose for chief.
 They pull the trap by 11 o'clock,
 And come right up the bay,
 They put a little ice in them,
 And sent them right away.
 They catch a lot of fish sometimes.
 And put them in the pound,
 So they can serve the people
 All the year round.

Fresh Fish.

—Shep.

DR. HOLLOWAY

There is a man who lives on Spring street,
 Who does nothing else but treat your feet,
 He'll trim your bunions and cut your corns.
 Until you think you are newly born.
 This man you can go to night or day,
 And his name is Dr. Holloway.
 I write these lines not by request,
 But I can swear he is the best.

—Shep.

Before I wrote my "ads" in rhyme,
 I wasn't busy half the time,
 But so many jobs have come to me,
 That now I'm busy as a bee,
 When war had raised the price of zinc,
 It started Shep right in to think.
 I bought twelve hundred pounds or more,
 Which I have stored on my third floor,
 My stock room's full and it's of the best,
 My workmanship stands any test,
 So if any tinwork you desire,
 Call 2-6-5, I'll be on the wire.

—Shep.

Tin and Sheet Iron Worker. Good Work at Low Prices. 47 years' experience in the best varieties of tin and sheet iron work.

I have the beginning of a cottage to sell,
 Just see me and the story I will tell.

Don't Wait
 To Get Slate
 See Him
 And Get Tin.
 See Who ?
 I'll tell You
 Twenty-Nine Year
 Without Fear
 And not a leak.
 You hear me speak.
 The ground is low,
 The roof is higher.
 See the risk you take
 Of getting afire.

—Shep.

GREETINGS

I think it is about time to change my add.
 To talk about tin I am always glad,
 My thoughts are turned to the recent fire,
 If it had not been for the tin roof the flames
 would have been higher
 You would not had to take Bath road to go to
 the beach.
 For you could have laid your course right down
 DeBlois street,
 Ring two six five and if I am not out
 I will show I know what I am talking about.

—Shep.

No. 7 Oak St.

Telephone 265.

TIN SHINGLES

*I have seen every covering used for roofs,
If you call on me, I'll give you proofs,
And I'll show you a shingle none excels
A Shingle that only Shepley sells,
It will cover from gutters to the very peaks
And is guaranteed to be free from leaks,
I have some samples in my shop,
That I'll gladly show if you will stop,
Call me before shingling you begin,
I'll do good work and I'll save your "Tin".*

—Shep.

ADVERTISING

'Twas many years before I got wise,
And found that it pays to advertise,
And if my order book you could see,
I know you would agree with me.
For many years I've worked on tin,
My work is good and has always been,
In fifteen years since I tinned City Hall,
They found one leak, and that was small.
I went right up there feeling meek,
To think in my work they found a leak
And you can bet that I felt great
When they found it caused by a broken slate,
For tin work good I've held the "rep."
If you want the best, just send for

—Shep.

POLITICS

I try to write my "ads" in verse,
 Some are bad, and most are worse,
 But if I do the best I can,
 You can't ask more of any man.
 For years I played at politics,
 Had some fun and got some hard licks,
 So now I'm sticking to my trade,
 Of work I've never been afraid,
 I always do as I agree,
 When you want tin work just send for me.

—Shep.

The best of stock and the best of workmanship at the most reasonable prices.

Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
 And everybody's talking of the war,
 At home we should attend to our own business,
 For summer soon will come to us once more.
 So let us all try to make a first class season,
 The fleet will soon be here the paper tells,
 We all should pull together, you'll be safe in any
 weather,
 If you shield your shelters with the shiny
 shingles Shepley sells.

—Shep.

For 47 years I have worked at the tinsmith trade and for 47 years I have held the reputation of doing good work and using good stock. Ask anybody.

I have named in my add the qualities of slate,
 Now I will tell you of a shingle that will never
 break

All you must do is give it some paint,
 I tell you the truth if I am no saint,
 I may tire you out by reading my rhymes,
 But I tell you all I am seeing better times
 Since I got through politics work it has come in.
 The material I use is the very best tin.

—Shep.

I use this space to tell you of tin,
 A trade forty-seven years I've been in.

Thirty years ago a roof I tinned,
 That since has stood the storm and wind,
 The owner came the other day,
 Saying "Tin my new house the same way"
 I have many other kinds of proof
 To show that tin makes the best roof,
 So before you buy, just call on me,
 Satisfied I guarantee you will be.

—Shep.

I do all kinds of tin and sheet iron work and
 give my customers the best. That's why they
 come back. Let me give you a figure.

When a man decides to build,
 The many details make him chilled
 So many points to him arise,
 That must be settled, if he's wise,
 He'll have his tinwork of the best,

The kind that will stand years of test.
 Why have your sidewalls waterproof
 If you put on a flimsy roof?
 The roof's a most important thing
 Don't give it a chance to trouble bring.
 Use Shep's tin shingles and you'll find
 A leak proof roof and a contented mind.

—Shep.

READ SHEPLEY'S POEMS

Men try tar paper and rubberoid,
 When leaky roofs get them annoyed.
 It makes them swear, and commit other sin, 'till
 finally they tackle tin.
 Tin shingles are made in fancy shape,
 Will wear as long and cooler than slate.
 They've got asbestos beat a mile,
 So shingle with tin, and wear a smile.
 Lightning never strikes them, and they're also
 fire proof,
 So ring up William Shepley
 When there's trouble on the roof.

“BUILD NOW”

“Build now” is a motto all should heed
 To give work to all the men in need.
 We all regret the terrible war,
 And hope that it will soon be o'er,
 But while we're helping the refugees,

Don't let our own poor starve and freeze.
Take care of those within our gates,
Think first of our United States.

—Shep.

And when you are getting ready to build or to make repairs, send for William Shepley, 47 years a tinsmith, and give him a chance to estimate on your tin work. The best of workmanship and stock at the most reasonable figures.

I think it's about time to finish my speel
So I'm going to tell you something right off the
reel,
Why tin is the roofing I always stand by,
Listen to me and I will tell you why.
When I first started forty-seven years ago,
I asked a tinsmith who had hoed a rough row
You will have to ask some one older than me,
And I know that man was over sixty-three.
He said he put tin on forty years before,
So don't think I am stretching forty more,
And leave the tinning business with me,
For my next birthday will be sixty-three.
I am carrying it on with a lot of success,
Because my work is always the best.

—Shep.

TIN SHINGLES

There is a roof that can be seen,
 Because the shingles are painted green.
 From Thames street it's not far off,
 It is just to the right on Waite's wharf,
 And the man it was done for is the largest man
 in town,
 And in the fifth ward can always be found.
 I have known him since boyhood and we met
 again,
 For goodness sake, Shep., put on tin shingles
 and keep out the rain,
 It was roofed with asbestos paper which can not
 last
 For all such materials are things of the past.

—Shep.

I thought that I would write a line,
 To let you know that tin was on my mind,
 We have some jobs just come in,
 Where we are using the very best tin.
 We are putting on a standing seam,
 Where a very little solder can be seen.
 This is on Third street away at the north,
 Where the best of chewing gums are brought
 forth,
 They are made in chiclets and made in balls,
 One of the neatest places in Newport are their
 inner walls.
 I am drifting somewhat away from my trade,
 But all the ventilating pipes by Shepley were
 made.

—Shep.

We make all gutter and sky-light trim,
 You just see Shep. and inquire of him,
 We make roofs tight with standing seam,
 Where no solder can be seen.

They can expand and contract no seams to break,
 That's where the tin roof has something on slate.
 It won't crack and crumble and fall to the ground,
 There's where some slate has been found.

—Shep.

I have seen everything used for roofs,
 So now come to me and I will show proofs,
 I will show you a shingle that can't be beat,
 And that is one that never does leak.

I have a sample in my shop,
 Don't ask the boys, just ask Pop.
 There are two houses over the fence,
 They were built when mine was, but have been
 shingled since,
 So call 265 and if I am in,
 I will show you I know something about tin.

—Shep.

To show you I have faith in tin,
 I am taking down my stable and a new one I'll
 begin,
 Build of terra cotta blocks to make it fire proof,
 And on top of that I will put a tin shingle roof.
 I will put Courtright the handsomest I can find,
 That will show you that tin is the topmost in my
 mind.

Then I will paint them a nice bright green,
 And from Channing street they can plainly be
 seen.

—Shep.

FROM A FRIEND TO SHEP.

In our town of great renown,
 Lives a man of poetic vim,
 He never lets a man go by,
 Who needs a little bit of "tin."
 He'll give a helping hand to those in need,
 And any hungry fellow,
 Shep is always sure to feed,
 Be he black or white or yellow.
 Shep whose heart is always light,
 Can tin a roof to the Queen's delight,
 He couldn't help but do it right,
 For the Good Lord gave him back his sight,
 Which proves if a fellow is on the square,
 The Lord will look out for him everywhere.

THE KAISER AND THE YANKEE BOYS

"They say the Kaiser's cows are grazing,
 Where the fleur de lis did grow.
 How long they'll pasture on the green,
 No one seems to know."
 I have just read the above lines,
 On a little square of card,
 Which tells of raising crops of sauerkraut,
 Upon the Frenchman's sod.
 But speaking of the Kaiser's cows,
 And of the fields so green,
 They write this long before the foe,
 The Yankee boys had seen.
 I know that when the Yankee boys,
 Arrive there at the front,
 A very different pasture,
 The Kaiser's cows will hunt. —Shep.

FRONT!

Since I have clerked in a hotel,
 I've learned this wicked world quite well,
 I have to make the guests all think,
 We love to have them kick and drink,
 To hold this job, I need the "mon,"
 I'm constantly upon the run,
 "Give me a stamp," the drummer shouts,
 "Put five cents in the slot and get a couple out,"
 "Some paper please, and a little ink,"
 "This house is nearly on the blink,"
 "Save me a call for seven o'clock,"
 "I want to go to old New York,"
 And then the room's too large or small,
 And nothing seems to suit at all,
 You do your best to try to please 'em,
 And smile and smile and never fleece 'em,
 And serve them with your very best,
 Or you perhaps may lose a guest,
 And then the Prop. will come and say,
 "You'll surely drive the guests away."

—Shep.

THE DISASTER

That happened to three of my delinquent customers;
 One of them said "I'll pay you Saturday night,
 if I live."

HE IS DEAD.

Another said "See you tomorrow."

HE'S BLIND.

Still another said "I'll pay you this week or go to hell."

HE'S GONE.

(Anonymous)

“BIG BILL” OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Did you ever hear the story of the man they call
“Big Bill,”

Who lands the Commonwealth at Long Wharf
and takes her out at will,

He slides that steamer into dock be the weather
fair or fog,

And never up to date has Bill scratched even a
cap log.

He lands that great big steamboat night and
morning square and true,

And looks out for the safety of the passengers
and crew,

And when the time comes for “Big Bill” to land
his own ship into port

His good work and his seamanship will receive
the reward they ought.

The Captain of the Greatest Fleet on him will
smile and tell

Him to be welcome to the ranks of those who’ve
done their duty well.

—Shep.

ARTIFICIAL ICE

The Newport Ice Company is making artificial
ice,

It is smooth and clear and looks quite nice,

’Tis sold by the pound or sold by the ton,

And Jim Green keeps his men always on the
run.

It is not as cold as natural ice,

But for it they are asking the same old price.

—Shep.

THE NEW ANNAPOLIS

The Perry House is on the Square,
 A lot of students do stop there.
 Every morn they drop in from the boat,
 Some stay ashore, some go afloat.
 They make ensigns of them while they wait,
 Some stand the test, some get the gate.
 Times have changed when to have a pull
 In the Navy meant to see Melville Bull.
 He was the man who without a scrap
 Put Newport on the Naval map.
 For all he did, after consultation,
 They gave his name to the Coaling Station.
 You don't need Melly now to have a pull,
 All you need is just plain bull.

—Shep.

NO RUST GUARANTEED

There is a man in Newport,
 Who is noted for his verses,
 He spills them by the dozen,
 But never spills out curses.
 His name is William Shepley,
 He lives on Channing Street.
 He's very fond of a good time,
 But can always keep his feet.
 If you need a piece of stove-pipe,
 Or a hole fixed in your roof,
 Just call up William Shepley,
 He can make them "water-proof."

—Shep.

A HOT DAY AT DIAMOND HILL

On April 22 we took a trip,
But we did not go in a Government ship.
His Honor Mayor Boyle and a chum called Bill
Started in a train for Diamond Hill.

In coming back in the smoking car
The distance to Providence was a little too far,
So we got off at Pawtucket, Diamond Hill news
to herald,
And get better acquainted with Mayor Fitzgerald.
From the Depot we found his office close by,
And there we found Fitzgerald quite dry.
We talked over the situation and tried every
scheme
To satisfy ourselves that this was no dream.
From a very short distance and from a place close
by
On His Honor's desk sat a bottle of Old Rye.
Both Mayors being temperate, Bob and Shep
being at hand,
We went to the front and we took a bold stand.
Now you know Bob and Shep never asked anyone
to drink,
For everything but soda we threw in the sink.
There was Prof. Histed with his heavy tripod
Had a rough journey as over the rocks he trod.
Then he stood us all up in a row.
I stood above, Bob stood below.
There was Tom Robinson and my friend John
Hearn,
I thought through them the sun a hole would
burn.

There is Mr. Arnold, my new friend so fast
 I am sorry I forgot him until the last.
 In this case Bob and Shep are running mates
 And are the happiest fellows that ever made
 dates.

—Shep.

DIAMOND HILL GRIT

This grit is got at Diamond Hill—
 Our machinery grinds it out at will,
 It is free from dust, is white and clean
 And by a glance this can be seen.

It makes healthy birds and to nature's true,
 And that is more than gravel will do,
 The teeth in this package you will see—
 Just leave the rest of the work with me.

It is good for everything that flies,
 But the flying machine.
 To have success with that
 You must use gasoline.

Grit.

*If a man has a thousand friends he has not
 one to spare,
 But if he has one enemy he will meet him
 everywhere.*

—Shep.



SHEP. AND HIS MUSHROOMS

I guess it is about time to finish my rhyme,
 But I will stand up for tin the rest of my time.
 I have built twelve houses, they all had tin roofs,
 Just take a look at them if you want any proof,
 They are as tight as a bottle from bottom to top,
 I also have got a tin roof on my shop.
 My word is good for whatever I say,
 We are working on tin roofs about every day.

—Shep.

MUSHROOMS FOR SALE

As I grew older, I grew wise,
 So I've started a new enterprise,
 Of selling Mushrooms by the pound,
 Where at my shop they will be found.
 They are fresh each day--come by express,
 If you try you'll find they're of the best,
 Of course you want to know the price,
 I'll charge for mushrooms, not for ice,
 The price to you will be just as low
 As I can afford to make things go.

—Shep.

William Shepley, 7 Oak St., Newport, R. I.
 Telephone 265.

*Nothing is improved by anger except
the arch of a cat's back; when a man
is getting his back up he is spoiling his
figure.*

—*Anon.*

CONTRIBUTED,

SELECTED

And **PATRIOTIC**

POEMS

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE

We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square;
 What words sublimely beautiful those words Masonic are!
 They fall like strains of melody upon the listening ears,
 As they've sounded Hallelujahs to the world three thousand years.

We meet upon the Level though from every station brought.
 The Monarch from his palace, the Laborer from his cot;
 For the King must drop his dignity when knocking at our door,
 And the poorest is his equal as he circles round the floor.

We act upon the Plumb; 'tis our Master's great command;
 We walk upright in virtue's ways, we lean to neither hand;
 The All-Seeing Eye that reads our hearts will bear us witness true
 That we still try to honor God and give each man his due.

We part upon the Square, for the world must have its due:
 We mingle with the ranks of men, but keep our secrets true;
 And the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
 And we long upon the Level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal, we are hur-
rying toward it fast,
We shall meet upon the Level there when the
gates of Death are passed;
But right before the Orient, and our Master will
be there,
Our works to try, our lives to prove with God's
unerring Square.

When we meet upon the Level there we never
will depart:
There's a mansion bright and glorious set for the
pure in heart;
There's a mansion and a welcome and a multitude
is there
Who in this world of sloth and sin did part upon
the Square.

Let us meet upon the Level, then, while laboring
patient here.
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be
severe;
Already in the western sky the signs bid us pre-
pare
To gather up our Working Tools and part upon
the Square.

Hands round then, brother Masons, gather in the
golden chain.
We part upon the Square below to meet in
Heaven again;
Each tie that has been broken here shall be
cemented there,
And none be lost around God's throne who parted
on the Square.

By ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

O ! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
 last gleaming :
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
 the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
 lantly streaming.
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
 in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was
 still there ;
 O ! say, does the Star-spangled Banner still
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of
 the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
 reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
 steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
 closes ?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 beam—
 In full glory reflected, 'now shines on the
 stream ;
 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O ! long may
 it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confu-
 sion

A home and a country would leave us no more ?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's
 pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
 grave !

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph
 doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave.

O ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd homes and the foe's deso-
 lation ;

Bless'd with victory and peace, may our Heaven-
 rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
 served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just—
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph
 shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, Sept. 14, 1814.

(Additional Verse by DR. O. W. HOLMES.)

When our land is illum'd with liberty's smile,
 If a foe from within strikes a blow at her
 glory,
 Down, down with the traitor, that dares to defile

The flag of her stars and the page of her
story !

By the millions unchain'd who our birthright
have gained

We will keep her bright blazon forever un-
stained !

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph
shall wave

While the land of the free is the home of
the brave !

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing ;

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pilgrims' pride,

From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—

Thy name I love ;

I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills ;

My heart with rapture thrills

Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet Freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee I sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

DR. S. F. SMITH, 1831.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Proud flag of my country ! all gallantly stream-
 ing,
 In the breeze of the battle, when glory
 appears,
 The stern scarlet blaze of its hurricane braving,
 While mercy hangs 'round with her olive and
 tears.
 Proud flag of my country ! 'tis transport to meet
 Some smoke-colored hero who bled under thee,
 As he rushed after victory's blood-dripping feet,
 And grasped the wild laurel that blossoms o'er
 the sea.

Yes, yes, if there's one whom a nation should
love,
One high-minded man whom e'en angels ad-
mire,
It is he, who with spirit all flushed from above,
With the rich loyal bloom of the patriot's fire,
Dares stand between danger and thee, all the
hour
When the tyrant would tread on thy peace and
thy power.

Dares stand, &c.

STAND BY THE FLAG

Stand by the flag, its folds have stream'd in
glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a vestal robe.
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe ;
Stand by the flag, on land and ocean billow ;
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true ;
Living, defended ; dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing, pass'd it on to you.

Stand by the flag, though death-shots round it
rattle ;
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet ;
Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light :
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
 And see the lightning-lances driven ;
 When stride the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven !
 Child of the sun ! To thee is given
 To guard the banner of the free !
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war—
 The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on ;
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthing loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
 When death, careering o'er the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush darkly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, 1795-1820.

THE GIRL WHO WENT AWAY

Of course you've heard the story
 Of the girl who went away.
 And how she met a schoolmate from a vil-
 lage far away.

“Just tell them that you saw me”
 Was all this maiden said.

One day she got a letter
 And this is what it read :—

I told them that I saw you,
 They want you to come home
 Their hearts are aching for you,
 While far away you roam.
 The old folks still adore you,
 They soon from us must part,
 So come home Madge before you
 Break your poor old mother's heart.

THE HAT MY FATHER WORE

“Where did your get that hat?” folks ask me
 every day,
 “Isn't it a nobby one,” you'll hear the people
 say,
 “Keep it on, it's funny,” you can bet your life
 on that,
 It keeps me busy telling folks the history of
 this hat.

CHORUS

It's the hat my dear old father wore, upon St.
 Patrick's Day.

Talk about respect, with his head erect, as he
 walked along Broadway,

Not a man in line looked half as fine, my dear
old mother used to say,
As your father did, with his old time lid, upon
St. Patrick's Day.

I wouldn't change this hat for any one on earth,
I'll keep it as a memory of the land of daddy's
birth,
No finer sky piece ever covered gray haired sil-
very locks,
I wouldn't even change it for a Dunlap or a
Knox.

CHORUS

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME

While strolling down a street one eve, upon mere
pleasure bent,

'Twas after business worries of the day,
I met a girl who shrank from me, in her I rec-
ognized

A schoolmate from a village far away.
"Is that you Madge?" I said to her, she quickly
turned away.
"Don't turn away Madge, I am still your friend,
Next week I'm going back to see the old folks
and I thought

That perhaps a message you would like to
send."

CHORUS

"Just tell them that you saw me,"

She said, "they'll know the rest,
Just tell them I was looking well, you know.
Just whisper if you get a chance to mother
dear and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago."

“Your face is pale, you’re growing thin, pray
 tell me are you ill,
 When last we met your eyes shone clear and
 bright,
 Come home with me when I go home, the change
 will do you good,
 Your mother wonders where you are tonight.”
 “I long to see them all again, but not just yet,”
 she said,
 “It’s pride alone that’s keeping me away.
 Tell mother not to worry, for I’m all right don’t
 you know,
 Tell mother I am coming home some day.”

CHORUS

ANNIE LAURIE

Max Welton’s banks are bonnie
 Where early fa’s the dew,
 And ’twas there that Annie Laurie
 Gave me her promise true.
 Gave me her promise true,
 Which ne’er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I’d lay me down and dee.
 Her brow is like the snawdrift,
 Her throat is like the swan :
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e’er the sun shone on.
 That e’er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e’e,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I’d lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying,
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

I'll never use tobacco
No it is a filthy weed
I will never put it in my mouth,
Says little Robert Reed.
Why there is idle Jerry Jones as dirty as a pig
Who smoked when only 10 years old
And thought it made him big.
He'd puff along the open street
As if he had no shame.
He'd sit beside the tavern door
And there he'd do the same.
He spent his time and money too
And made his mother sad.
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.
Oh! No I'll never smoke nor chew
It's very wrong indeed,
It hurts the health it makes bad breaths,
Says little Robert Reed.

BILL SHEPLEY

Bill Shepley you're a dandy,
It or well you are the candy,
Long life and happy days
Longer ever in your ways.

Smilin, tho' your cross was heavy,
Horse and buggy ever ready,
Entertaining is your forte,
Poetry of every sort
Leaps from your genial heart,
Everywhere we like to meet you,
You are certainly a Goo Goo.

Newport, R. I.

August 16, 1917.

Hoot Mon



WILLIAM SHEPLEY

Tinmouth

7 Oak Street - Newport, R. I.